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*ANGLIA REDIVIVA.*

OR.

The Miraculous Return of

THE BREATH OF OUR NOSTRILS.

A POEM.

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By EDMUNDELIS, Master of Arts. *The Sequestered*  
*Rector of South Hillingham Devon*

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Printed in the Year, 1660.

ANGELIA RESIDIVA

OR

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

A POEM

BY EDWARD HILL, M.D.



TO  
THE MOST HIGH  
AND  
MIGHTY PRINCE  
CHARLES II:  
KING  
OF  
GREAT BRITTAINE,  
FRANCE, and IRELAND:

*The Author, His MAJESTIES most Loyall  
Subject, Humbly Dedicates this  
following P O E M.*

THE HISTORY  
OF  
THE  
KING  
OF  
GREAT BRITAIN  
AND IRELAND

The History of the late King  
George the Third  
By William Pitt



# ANGLIA REDIVIVA.

**N**O Voice, more soft then Thunder, can expresse  
 Our present Joy, or our past *Heaviness*:  
 None can the Largeness of This Joy set out,  
 Unless at once He make THREE KINGDOMES Shout:  
 Which is the Greater, sith through *Griefe* it Came:  
 As Water Vanquisht still Augments the Flame.  
 In Mirth, and Laughter now, and Pleasant Tones,  
 We Spend that Breath, which we Fetcht up for Groans.  
 Oh, how we Droopt, and Hung our Heads to see  
*Rebellion* Proisper? How we griev'd to be  
 Indgd for the Wicked by *Perfidious Knaves*;  
 By No Man Rul'd, but Kept in Awe by Slaves.

Oh, how we greiv'd to see that *Vip'rous Brood*,  
 By whose Black, *Hellish Sire*, the Royall Bloud  
 Of *Blessed CHARLES* was shed, to bear the sway?  
 And (which was worse) to see that none but They  
 Or Their small *Myrmidons* should be the Men  
 Esteem'd for *Godly?* as if the *DEVIL*, agen  
 Had on those *Cloathes*, which once in *HEAVEN* he Wore.  
 He learns to *Bleat*, who still was wont to *Roar*.  
 But now those *Varlets* are, as they should be,  
 Sunck in the Depth of *Scorne* and *Infamy*; (*Raise:*  
*Thrown down* ev'n by Those Hands, which did them  
*Revil'd* by Those, who gave them greatest Praise.  
 See, Rebels, See the *HAND OF GOD*. Where now  
 Are all those *Lawrels*, which once Crownd the Brow  
 Of that *Victorious-CROMWEL*? They were all  
 Turn'd into *Ashes* at his *Funerall*,  
 And Cover'd in His *Urne*. But first, those *Bayes*  
 God Us'd for *Rods* to *VVhip* His Sons: His Praise  
 Survive'd Him but for This: That His Great Name  
 Might *Raise* Them up, that They might *Fall* with Shame.  
 And those Wild Wretches, who *Drew down* These Elves,  
*Pull'd* Them on their own Heads, and *Fell* Themselves;  
 Still

Still *Tumbling* onth' other: 'till their *Fall*  
 Had made some way for that Brave GENERAL,  
 The Glorious MONCK, to *Step up* to that Height,  
 Where being *Fixt*, He had no need to *Fight*:  
 He *Conquerd* by His Words: Three Nations came  
 Streight to do *Homage* to His Mighty NAME.  
 Thus having All in's Hands: He gave the *Power*  
 To Him whose *Right* it was: made Himselfe *Lower*:  
 He might be, which he would of these Two Things,  
 The *Best* of Subjects, or The *Worst* of Kings:  
 By *Lesssaings Power* thus He Gain'd more *Renown*,  
 'Twas HEAVEN Gave CHARLES, but  
 (MONCK Put on His CROWN.

NOW that our KING'S PROCLAIM'D, what shall we say?  
 Sure this *Blest Month* will make our *Years* all MAY.  
 What *Pleasant* Daies shall we have now, when He  
 Who hath not only *Strength*, but *MAIESTY*,  
 And *Lawfull Power* shall only bear the sway,  
 And with his *Looks* Fright SAINT-like Fiends away?  
 This was ith' number of our late Complaints,  
 That the worst Villaines were esteem'd Best SAINTS.  
 But now our *SVN* is up, and all is Clear,

The KING  
 was Pro-  
 claim'd in  
 May 1660.

And

And Knaves, and Rebels, as they *Are*, *Appear* Now  
 Now we may Teach each poor Deluded Thing,  
 That 'tis not *Treason* to be for the KING.

Where are those *Mock-SAINTS* now? Thus (as  
 (they say)

The *DEVIL* *Walkes* not, when he sees 'ris Day.

O, that They, who did Boast their Cause to be  
 Most *Just*, because 'twas *Prosperous*, would See (stand.

What God has Wrought for Him, whom They'd *Wish*—  
 What *Wonders* God has Shewn to bring this Land

Into *Subjection* to their Lawfull KING,

(The *Theme's* too High for Me) let *ANGELS* Sing.

Yea sure the *Heav'nly Host* do all Proclaime

The Praise of This Great Act, Due to the Name

Of Him, by whom *KINGS* *Raign*. And O that I

Could make my *Soule*, wing'd with *Devotion* Flie

To God! And *Think* (what Words can't reach) His Praise!

Who without *Blood* has Crown'd our KING with *Baies*,

Brought from Three *Conquer'd* Nations: Which now He

Holds in *Subjection*, but to keep them *Free*:

Even from that *Yoke* of Bondage, which of late

So Gall'd our Necks; whilst That, they call'd a State,

Was



Was nought but *Madmen sitting at the Helme:*  
 'Twas a *Great Bedlam*, which is now a *Realme*.  
 Worse then *Egyptian Bondage* This, to be  
 The *Subjects* of the *Popularity*:  
 And those so *Giddy-headed* too, that none  
 Knew what to Do, or what to leave Vndone.  
 Each little *Writer* ev'ry week brings in  
 His *Forme* of Government: as if 't had bin  
 Nor harder to new Mould a Kingdome, then  
 To get a *Standisb*, and to make a *Pen*.  
 Nay *HEVVSON*, and the like *Mechanicks* Prate  
 Like the *Supporters* of a *Ruinous State*,  
 As if they thought it were no more to doe  
 To *Frame* a State, then 'tis to make a *Shoe*.  
 But those *Mad Times* are past, and now we are  
 Even *Rescu'd* from the *SWORD* without a *WAR*.  
 Without a *VVAR* Great *CHARLES* His Kingdomes  
 Thus straight, when *GOD* wil Have't, the *Thing* is  
 And now, *Blest Prince*, sith by Your *Sufferings* You  
 Havemade the *VWorld* to know what You can Doe

In *Better Times*, who Did so well in *Ill*:  
 Still Conqu'ring all those *Passions*, vvhich do Still  
 Invade th' *Oppress*: No *Fear*, or *Anger* could  
 Cast your Brave Soule in an Vnchristian Mould,  
 In all Your *Wrongs*, and *Dangers*; still your Mind  
 Wasto Religion, *Iustice*, GOD, Incl'in'd.  
 Nay vvhen some Griefs, and Troubles needs must come  
 To get, Great *SIR*, in Your large Breast *some* roome,  
 Your Mind stands Firme, & all *rough thoughts* Outbraves;  
 Like *Rocks* Unmov'd vvith the most Boist'rous Waves.  
 Since You by *Suffring* Thus, have made us knowv  
 The True Height of Your Soul: O, may vve Bow,  
 In a deep Sense of our Felicitie,  
 To Heaven first, next to Your selfe, our *Knee*.  
 Oh, may vve Thankfull be, and sing *His Praise*,  
 Who for our *Cypress* novv has giv'n us *Baies*.  
 May vve give GOD and CÆSAR All their Due,  
 And Him Obey still, in Obeying You.  
 With *Tears* of Joy that You are now Come in,  
 And Sorrow that your *MAJESTY* has bin  
 So long Time Absent, vve vvould make a Floud  
 To wash this LAND, Staind vvith YOUR FATHERS *Bloud*.  
VVho,

(7)

Who, both in Life and *Death* so Conqu'ring Fate,  
Was ne're *Unhappy*, though *Unfortunate*:  
What Glory gain'd He by His Sufferings?  
He Liu'd, and Dy'd, even like the KING OF KINGS.  
O may You *Guide* us, as He would have done,  
Had we not Run into Rebellion.  
May You *Live* Those *Great Things*, He VVrote; and Be  
Your Selfe A New ΕΙΚΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ.  
To His Great *Praise* may You still Adde Your Own,  
Till You Change This for an *Eternall CROWN*.



*FINIS.*



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



TO

*HIS EXCELLENCY*

THE LORD GENERAL  
**MONCK.**

*April 18. 1660.*

**G**OE on, *Wise SIR*, and make Your Selfe The *GREAT*,  
By *Conqu'ring* Those, whom You Disdaine to *Beat*,  
What Wonder will Your *Bloodlesse* Triumphs gaine!  
*THREE KINGDOMES Conquer'd*, and not *One Man* Slain!  
Your *Valour* thus, with *Matchlesse Prudence*, can  
Distroy the *FOE*, and yet not Hurt the *Man*:

We Long to see the Time, when You'll Appear  
 To Be, what Good Men Hope, what Others Fear :  
 That This *Dark CHAOS* of Affaires may be  
 But a Resemblance of the *Infandy*  
 Of the *CREATION* : which began in *Night* :  
*Confusion* Brought forth *Order*, *Darknesse* *Light* .  
 Trust not in Your owne Strength : be sure to Doe  
 What *Honour*, *Law* and *Conscience* Binds You to :  
 So You may Justly Hope, that *HE* , whose Hand  
 Has Set You *up* ; will give You Power to *Stand* .  
 Stand, *NOBLE SIR*, that Our *Bow'd Necks* may be  
 Rais'd by Your Hand to our Old \* *Liberty* *Nunquam Libertas gravior extat  
Quam sub Rege Pio—Claud.*  
 Then, *ENGLAND'S* Mourning turn'd to Joy, We'll Sing :  
 CROMWEL Kill'd CHARLES ! But MONCK Re-  
 viv'd the KING .



FINIS



